

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Mrs A L Gerrish
84 Oak St

Dec 18

"If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deeds,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his needs.

"Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share.
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there."

Published by The
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
SACO, MAINE BOSTON, MASS.

Vol. XLI No. 10

October, 1918

The Missionary Helper

TERMS: Fifty Cents per year, IN ADVANCE Single Copies Five Cents

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Editor, MRS. NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, Ocean Park, Maine.

Publication Office, 195 Main Street, Saco, Maine, W. L. STREETER, Agent.

Branch Office, 107 Howland St., Boston, Mass., MISS A. M. MOSHER, Agent.

To whom all matters relating to subscriptions should be sent

Entered as second-class matter February 5, 1906, at the post office at Saco, Maine, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 24, 1918.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XLI.

OCTOBER, 1918

No. 10

What Makes a Nation Great?

Not serried ranks with flags unfurled,
Nor armored ships that gird the world,
Not hoarded wealth, nor busy mills,
Not cattle on a thousand hills,
Not sages wise, nor schools, nor laws,
Not boasted deeds in freedom's cause—
All these may be and yet the state
In the eyes of God be far from great.

That land is great which knows the Lord,
Whose songs are guided by his word;
Where justice rules 'twixt man and man,
Where love controls in act and plan,
Where breathing in his native air
Each soul finds joy in praise and prayer—
Thus may our country, good and great,
Be God's delight—man's best estate.

—Alexander Blackburn

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Whenever upward, even the lowest round,
 Man, by a hand's help, lifts his feeble brother,
 There is the house of God and holy ground;
 The gate of heaven is love; there is no other,
 When generous acts bloom from unselfish thought,
 The Lord is with us, though we know it not.

—Lucy Larcom.

We refer to Home and Foreign Missionary Work as if they were quite distinct. In administrative detail they may be, but in the spirit of the work we are learning more and more—one of the beautiful lessons which the War emphasizes—that loving service, rendered anywhere, is but the reflection, however imperfect, of the perfect love of Christ for *all* the world. Our needs are of body, mind and spirit, whatever our country, race, color or creed. Jesus ministered to all of these, and besought his followers to minister even more widely. How sad, how ironical it seems, that it should take a devastating war—a war in which hate has had its horrible fruitage—to set us many steps forward on the road to universal brotherhood! “Over there,” men of all nationalities are bound together by common sacrifice, suffering and death. Many of them, in the stress of a great need, are having new conceptions of the life beyond. Many of them are finding comfort in Christ, “The White Comrade.” Men and Women from all over the world are united in service for these who are united in suffering. Can they ever be divided again? “The world shakes with unhuman war,” writes Margaret Deland, in *The Woman's Home Companion*, “but human kindness and human heroism are as unshakable and as pervasive as Light!.....If it were not for all these upspringing divinities blossoming in the War, how could we bear it? But there are so many of them that the first thing we know we find that the only thing we *can't* bear is our own cowardice, or our own conceit, or our own lack of kindness!.....Surely Home and Foreign Missions meet in the United States, the “crazy-quilt of nationalities and races.” Says the *World Outlook*, “Missionary business is unlike any other business in the world, whether it is home or foreign work. It is like the miraculous pitcher of the fairy tale; we pour endlessly, tirelessly and the milk grows whiter and more sweet. If it is Home Missionary work, if it is the work of giving happiness and faith to people in our midst, we find our own country a better place. And if it is Foreign Missionary work, we find that our new immigrants come bringing gifts with them, and that, big as it is, the *world* is a better place. It's a boomerang—missionary work.”.....“The United States, with its composite population,” affirms the *Independent*, “is pre-eminently fitted to solve the problem of nationalities, which is one of the most difficult of the issues of the War.” A writer from Camp Upton reports that there are twenty-six different races in one

regiment. "We're all Sammies just the same," they declare. In connection with our study for next month, you will find a notable article in the *Geographic Magazine* for July, "New York—The Metropolis of Mankind." Of all cities, it is the international city. All nations have contributed to its greatness. "It has more Irish and their sons and daughters than Dublin, more Italians and their children than has Rome, as many Germans and their children as Leipzig and Frankfort-on-Main together, while its Russian population by birth and parentage is greater than the combined populations of Riga and Dvinsk."....."He who studies at first hand the processes of Americanization and citizen-building, finds work being done which would stir the heart of the most unemotional observer." The writer takes us on an intensely interesting visit to the prevocational and vocational schools of the East Side, and shows us, among many other wonders, how 5,600 immigrants' daughters are trained in mind and body every day, until they are as patriotic as if every line of their descent lay through Williamsburg or the *Mayflower*. But more is needed than even this splendid Americanization, as Mrs. Westfall writes in her cordial greeting, that is, *Christian Americanization*. We are glad and proud to be in touch with such wide and purposeful work as she indicates, and thankful that it has been our privilege and joy for many years to help make possible the blessed work at Storer College. The fact that the colored boys and girls are proving their loyalty and their bravery in this world crisis is verified by many authorities. The following story, as told by a government official, is reported in *The Star in the East*:

"To one encampment where there were 5,000 Negroes, General Pershing sent word that he wanted 1,500 men for a particularly dangerous feat. So they lined up the 5,000 and asked every man who was willing to volunteer to take one step forward. The whole 5,000 took one step forward and they had to select the 1,500. Then the men shouted the slogan: "Fast black—won't run!"....."The attitude of the War Council has done more to strengthen the trust and confidence of the colored people than can be estimated," says the *Association Monthly*. "Through the past the loyalty and patriotism of the colored race could never have been questioned. To have left the colored girl out or to have considered her only casually would have hurt the big cause to which our nation is called. Till earth and heaven ring with harmonies of liberty will her voice be heard full of loyalty and patriotism in the National Hymn for Colored People of America:

"God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way,
Thou who hast by Thy might,
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray;
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
Lest our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land."

GREETINGS

FROM THE WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

Dear Friends:

It is a great privilege to extend the greetings of our officers and Executive Board to the readers of the MISSIONARY HELPER, and to welcome them to an interest on the various fields of our Woman's Home Mission Society. In return for the share in the work of Storer College which has come to us through you, we invite you to become acquainted with the missionaries and teachers under our appointment and with your prayers and interest to sustain them in their important tasks in which they are serving as your ambassadors.

As our nation takes its place in the world struggle, we recognize, as never before, the importance of Home Missions, of reaching every man, woman and child living under our flag with the Gospel message.

Important as are the plans of our government along the line of the Americanization of our foreign-speaking people, even more important is the emphasis which our Home Mission societies are placing on Christian Americanization. We want our foreign speaking peoples not only to be good citizens of our land but to be Christian citizens, upholding the high ideals and fine purposes of our nation.

Great importance is being placed on the need of trained leaders, and our society is making a real contribution in meeting this need through our teachers in our fine Home Mission schools for the Negroes, Latin Americans, Indians and Orientals. Through our orphanages, our kindergartens and day nurseries we are ministering to many little children, remembering the Master's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Our field extends from Alaska on the northwest to Porto Rico on the southeast, from our northern boundary through Mexico and Central America. To fulfill our motto, "Christ in Every Home," we have a large commission calling for our best endeavor. We gladly welcome your heartiest co-operation in every undertaking of our Society, now yours also.

With cordial good wishes,

KATHERINE S. WESTFALL, *Cor. Sec.*,

Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

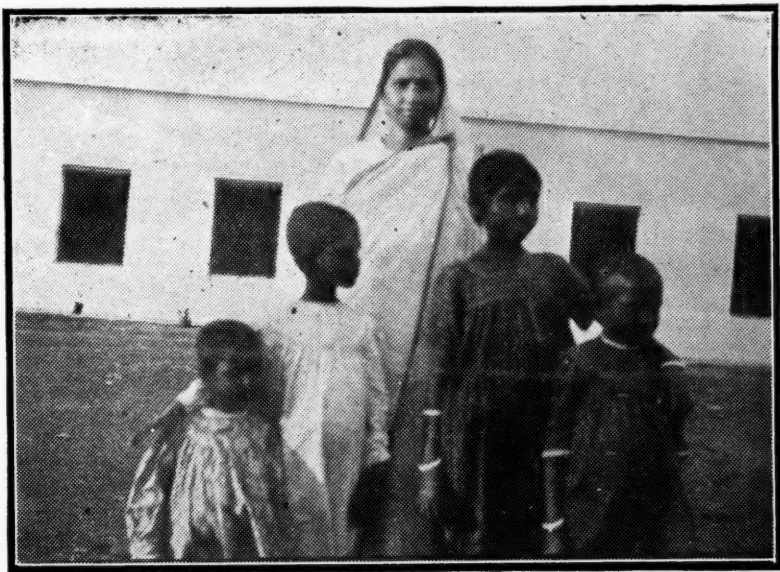
Chicago, Ill.

SISTER

By SADIE B. GOWEN.

"Mother has become Sister to everybody, it seems," so said a fine looking, nearly six foot College Freshman of seventeen years, one day.

So it seems, for just then a group of Sinclair Orphanage children had approached my gate and called, "Dede, Dede," which means "big sister." I found myself saying, "Come again, Sister, as soon as you can," while she hurried away to attend to some of the many needs of the children. Dr. Mary, meeting her in the path, called, "Oh, Sister, what *do* you suppose we shall do with Hara this time?" And so, in one language or an-



Sister, with new girls at Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore

other, nearly every person who addresses the Matron of the Orphanage calls her Sister. She might have been called Mrs. Biswas, or Sorojini Dede, or Mousie, which means auntie, had it not been for Miss Fenner, who first adopted the title always used by her younger brother, with whom she lived when we first came to know her.

Sister remembers very clearly when her home was a Hindu home. She remembers dressing her brothers in special holiday attire in honor of some Hindu festival. She remembers the transitional period and the final step that led her strong minded father away, not only from idol worship and Hinduism, but also away from all the ties of blood and friend-

ship, into the new way—the Christ Way. She remembers, and her brothers remember, when that father, without pay, was a preacher and taught his little boys of five or six Bible verses, which they in turn, standing on boxes in the market place, repeated to the gathering throng while he explained and preached on the text. Little wonder that such boys are all in Christian work now.

Sister was married very young, about thirteen or fourteen years, to a man much older than herself, which is quite the custom in India. While her two boys were in High School, it was discovered that the husband and father had become a leper. It is said that the mental anguish is far greater than the physical suffering when one first discovers he has really become one of the unclean. For a long time he was unreconciled to going to a leper asylum for treatment, but finally was persuaded. Sister was then homekeeper for her brother Bejoy, who was a teacher in our Balasore Boys' High School. When he decided to go to Ceylon and there make use of his business education in office work, the question of what Sister would do had to be settled. Miss Coe and I held a conference and decided to muster all our courage and ask if she would come to Sinclair Orphanage as matron. Really, we didn't in the least expect she would, but when I popped the question it was indeed with rejoicing that I heard her say she would consider it.

It was in August, almost four years ago, that she began her work at the Orphanage. It has meant more than we can ever tell to have an honest, earnest, refined Indian woman living with and among our girls. It has meant much to Sister, too. We have all loved and respected her. We have tried to help her dignify the position. She loves the children. Their highest good is her chief concern and not less than the missionary does she grieve over the erring.

She never went to school a day in her life, yet she would pass well among the educated women. Her Bible has been her one text book and she has been a good and faithful student. Her brothers have had College training. One is now a student in America. Two are in Y. M. C. A. work in India. They have been very devoted to her always, and from them she has learned much.

While they are all members of the Church of England, they are all so truly Christian in spirit that differences in creed are no barriers in service. We want you to know Sister and to pray for her as she walks, white robed, through that dark heathen land of ours, holding on high the burnished, shining lamp of faith.

Detroit, Maine.

CHRISTIAN AMERICANIZATION

By HENRY T. McDONALD, President of Storer College.

One certain thing is being brought forcibly to our attention by this war, namely, that we have neither Christianized nor Americanized the foreign population within our gates, in any such ratio as we had smugly imagined. In a very large measure the opposite of that proposition is true when applied to the colored Americans. We have Americanized them in language, habits of dress and general habits of thought. If we have Americanized them by limiting their political, educational, social and moral endeavors, then our standards need changing; if they have failed to apprehend the opportunities in these several fields, which they ought to have appropriated, then there is an undischarged burden of co-operative responsibility still hanging heavily about the shoulders of the white people of this country.

Certain it is, that the colored race here have not been numbered among the slackers, the strikers, the resisters of draft measures or propagandists of industrial discord and paralysis. In all of these vital things, they have been 100% American. For them War has opened the ranks of commissioned officers; the steel mills and factories; it has developed community welfare and Y. M. C. A. workers all over the land; it has aroused the south in particular and the nation in general to their industrial and economic value and challenged the honor of men of political affairs so that a surer measure of justice is coming—and all because the colored people have been getting ready, with a sort of dumbly prophetic insight into a time near when they should reach the promised land of real, participating Americans.

The root of this belief has been long in their own religious souls; the direction of its development has been for nearly two generations in the hands of the missionary teachers working in Dixie Land. Christian Americanization means what, then, that we have both Christianized and Americanized, or that we have done one to the loss of the other, or that we have done neither fully and well?

The fact is that these processes should be twins. In actuality they may be very unrelated. Speaking broadly, the government is only concerned with the latter proposition. The various denominations must be the conserving forces in the former. It is not unlikely, then, that the government, with its vast resources, has done more than an equal part in its endeavor, and that it will so continue to do in an increasing proportion,

unless there is a prompt and marked change in the attitude of the religiously minded people of the whole land. At present the total attendance in denominational schools, above the eighth grade, may be larger than is the attendance in Government—i. e., state supported schools. But there is a sturdy determination on the part of educators and the government to eliminate the struggling and unwisely ambitious schools for colored youth in the land, and this will mean an increasingly larger number turning toward the State supported schools, unless by added gifts of money and resources denominational schools are made worthy and so kept. They can not forever thrive on the glory that once was. It is amazing that so many people of means and liberal disposition should be led to think that the institutions for the education of colored youth should now, "after a half century," as they say, be sufficient unto themselves, and that the colored race, as such, is sufficient unto itself. Unfortunately there are some propagandists, on both sides the color line, who are vociferously preaching this sort of doctrine, citing isolated examples to prove their general claims and doing great harm to the most fundamental business of this nation, namely, fashioning, under the best ideals and soundest influences, the youth of the land, for an intelligent and loyal participation in the ever enlarging opportunities afforded by the American government and people. Just as in the north and south the graduates of the little freshwater, denominational colleges, out of all proportion to their numbers, have risen to prominence, when compared to the numbers equally distinguished who have the large universities as their alma maters, so the colored men and women of this country, who have made their mark and their influence felt, have had their characters formed, their intellectual and religious processes fashioned, in the missionary schools of the southland.

It ought always to be true that the non-political school, independent in action, fearless of party whip and political favor, should be the best and sanest force in moulding character. The question is, will Christian America see to it that Americanization processes, as ordered and efficiently fostered by government, shall be shot through with Christian ideals and aims? Baptists can not attack this question save in the Sunday School in the earlier childhood years. They must, therefore, if they believe their teachings, see well to it that their schools of higher grade are made worthy and attractive. Students are not afraid of real Christianity. In fact, it is within the truth to believe that a large majority of young people really

crave "pure religion." They neither covet the too common atheism of the non-denominational schools nor the lachrymose religion of the hysterical. Schools where character is fundamental, where God is revered, where the Christ ideals are everyday forces, coupled with physical equipment that is up to date, and faculty that is able and inspiring, will always have first place in the minds of Americans.

The average school for the colored youth of the land is too often an outline of ambition rather than a completion of worthy purpose. The stronger must learn again to bear the infirmities of the weak; they must learn to give, where tug of kith and kin enters not, but where only great and crying need is found; they must sympathetically look upon the occasional excesses of a struggling folk and realize that the noble unrest of a social or class group is bound to disjoint and perhaps disrupt tradition, semi sacred and yet fundamentally wrong. People of ability must remember, as never before, that the colored people of this country may justly expect from those who are possessed of wealth an increasing interest in the problems of color. Because now the colored man and woman demonstrate magnificently their worth to the nation. They speak in the home, at the forge, on the section, at the plow, and *behind the bayonet* in a language heard round the world, and their message is understood. Shall we as able Americans not respond with the same outreaching and stirring loyalty and joy to their educational needs, as they are made manifest in Christian Americanization?

Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

Christ was a home missionary, in the house of Lazarus.

Christ was a foreign missionary, when the Greeks came to Him.

Christ was a city missionary, when He taught in Samaria.

Christ was a Sunday-school missionary, when He opened up the Scriptures and sent men to studying the Word of God.

Christ was a children's missionary, when He took them in His arms and blessed them.

Christ was a missionary to the poor, when He opened the eyes of the blind beggar.

Christ was a missionary to the rich, when He opened the spiritual eyes of Zaccheus.

Even on the cross, Christ was a missionary to the robber, and His last command was the missionary commission.—*Amos R. Wells.*

THE PROBLEM OF THE ALIENS IN AMERICA

Closing the gate to the alien is really no solution of our immigration problem. The alien is already here. Besides, is it a Christian solution? "There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him."

America cannot, if it would, be a hermit nation. The day is past for any people to bar themselves off from the rest of mankind. In these days of wireless telegraphy and aerial navigation and universal language, the pulse-beat of the race kin cannot be ignored. There are no longer any desert solitudes. The races have become the people.

The problem can be solved only by the Gospel of Christ. We are not afraid of any shipload of foreigners who come to us loyal to the Cross of Christ. They cannot come too soon or too often. We welcome them. But what if they are not Christians? What if they are only nominal Christians? Is it not evident that our salvation as a nation depends upon our making them Christians? There is a stronger bond than love of country. It is love of Christ. And when men find Christ, they are one, though they come from the ends of the earth.

Therefore, this question is a great missionary problem. It rises up before us. It is imperative. In what is no doubt a providence, God has brought the ends of the earth to us. We were slow in taking the Gospel to them. The Saviour seems now to be saying: "I have waited long, but my people are slow to go. After nineteen hundred years, two-thirds of the world are without the Gospel. I will bring the nations to my people." They are here at our doors. It is a glorious missionary opportunity.

The success or failure of foreign missions is going to be settled here at home. If we cannot Christianize the heathen in a Christian country, we will never do it in a heathen country. God has driven us into a corner, and is saying to the Church: "Now do your duty or die!" There never was a greater opportunity than that which now confronts Protestant Christianity in America to evangelize the alien. And the alien is convertible. He can be Christianized. Christ is not only "the power of God unto salvation" to Sons of the American Revolution, to Colonial Dames, to Daughters of the Confederacy, to members of the Grand Army of the Republic, but to the Italian in the ditch, to the Hungarian in the coal mines, to the Pole in the packing-house, to the Jew from the steppes of Russia,

to the Hindu from the filth of India. The tide of immigration rolls in, carrying on its crest a matchless opportunity to the Christian Church.

Are we meeting it? What does the immigrant think of our Christianity? Does it impress him? Does he believe that we believe it? Do we give him Christian treatment? Not always. A Ruthenian priest says: "My people do not live in America. They live underneath America. America goes on over their heads. My people do not love America." Why should they, from what they see of it? The wretchedness of many of these aliens in a strange land is enough to move to pity the sternest of that guild whose shibboleth is: "America for the Americans!"

Only Christianity can solve the problem, but it will take a new brand of Christianity, not this formal, faint-hearted, self-indulgent, dress-parade Christianity, but one that can stand bad smells and foul sights, and go down to the gates of hell to save a lost soul, that has enough of Christ in it to love iniquity into goodness, and hostility into brotherhood!—From an address by REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D. D., reported in *The Missionary Review of the World*.

QUIZ

- Missionary endeavor has effected—what?
 - What was Madam Hirooka's discovery?
 - How can American babies share their privileges?
 - What did Mrs. Metcalf report from Storer?
 - Why is Luke 10:2 applicable?
 - What themes and phases were considered at the Missionary Education Conference?
 - How does Mrs. Willard describe the women of India?
 - What does she tell of their religious privileges?
 - What is the war-time similarity between India and America?
 - Our *special* contributions—to what and through whom?
 - What interesting experiences were cited by Miss Fenner?
 - What is Dr. Murphy's practical invention?
 - How does Mr. Long describe a tour to "mofussil"?
 - Of what new advantage are our missionaries in the foreign fields?
 - What is the missionary thrift stamp?
 - What is the secret of "finding life"?
 - Having begun, to what shall we progress?
 - When is our power a resistless force?
 - Why was Ethel's gift a "golden offering"?
 - Will you watch for an opportunity for your "golden offering"?
- (Answers may be found in the September HELPER.)

THE NEW ENGLAND BAPTIST SCHOOL OF METHODS

By A. G. G.

The third annual session of The New England Baptist School of Methods, at Ocean Park, Maine, August 21st-31st, proved successful beyond all expectation. That this year, when prevailing conditions have everywhere exerted their depressing effect upon summer schools, Ocean Park not only held its own, but had an increased registration of over 30%, is a significant fact.

The courses presented were unusually strong and staffed by a list of experts second to none. Such noteworthy figures as Dr. John M. English and Dr. George E. Horr of Newton Theological Institution; Dr. P. H. J. Lerrigo, Secretary Five Year Program Committee; Dr. Howard B. Gross, Editor of *Missions*, conducted the classes for church workers; Mr. C. B. Mitchell, practical and experienced Bible School enthusiast; Frank Otis Erb, Ph. D., Editor of Baptist Young People's Publications; Miss Meme Brockway, National Secretary Elementary Sunday School Work; Miss Nan F. Weeks, Editor of Children's Publications; Mrs. Gertrude H. Millett and Miss Helen Caulkins of Boston University, specialists on Pedagogy and Beginner's Work; Dr. Wm. J. Sly, Director for Rhode Island and Connecticut; Miss Florence Darnell, Child Psychologist and Teen-age Worker; Miss Florence I. Browne, Teacher Training, and Miss Gertrude Hartley, Handwork Specialists; Rev. Wm. T. Thayer, Director of Y. P. work for Rhode Island, were among the experts whose thorough and painstaking work proved such a large factor in the general success, while the masterly leadership of Dean F. F. Peterson, Secretary of Baptist Sunday School Work for Massachusetts, correlated and crystallized the units into one enthusiastic, harmonious whole.

265 students, representing Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania, registered for the various courses. 19 clergymen, 6 State secretaries and 15 Sunday School Superintendents were among this number, and on Commencement Night 81 certificates were awarded to those earnest workers who had successfully completed their chosen courses.

As this group of young people, clear-eyed, alert, purposeful, stood on the platform to receive from Dean Peterson his words of commendation and of challenge it was a heart-satisfying and soul-stirring sight. The very air seemed charged with the "We-are-ready" spirit.

The afternoons were given over to rest and recreation; Vespers at

five o'clock on the beach never failed to attract a happy throng, and in the evenings some entertainment was provided in one of the large auditoriums.

Wednesday night a Patriotic Pageant, "The Stars and Stripes," with a strong and unmistakable appeal, was presented by the members of the Girls' Camp and Boy Scout delegations, under the direction of Misses Helen Caulkins and Helen Stearns, assisted by the Ocean Park Musical Director, Mr. Albert P. Briggs, and proved to be a most enjoyable occasion. To "Stunt Night" Faculty and students alike look forward with happiest anticipation, and this year the orgie of wholesome fun and nonsense furnished by different delegations, houseparties and the Faculty, will not soon be forgotten.

Of the ultimate result of Forward Step Night, when the students were given the opportunity to make decisions for some advance in Christian service, who can speak? Eternity alone holds the key to many of the questions faced and answered then, but the evident and immediate response was such as would alone abundantly justify the third triumphant session of this splendid summer school of Sunday School workers by the sea.

Portland, Maine.

IN MEMORIAM

Our own are our own forever; God taketh not back His gift;
They may pass beyond our vision, but our souls shall find them out
When the waiting is all accomplished, and the deathly shadows lift,
And glory is given for grieving, and the surety of God for doubt.

We may find the waiting bitter, and count the silence long;
God knoweth that we are dust and he pitieth our pain;
And when faith has grown to fullness and the silence changed to song,
We shall eat the fruit of patience, and shall hunger not again.

So, sorrowing hearts, who dumbly in darkness and all alone
Sit, missing a dear lost presence and the joy of a vanished day,
Be comforted with this message, that our own are forever our own,
And God, who gave the gracious gift, He takes it never away.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Mrs. Elmina S. Oliver Tryon, Melrose, Mass., March 6, 1918.

Mrs. Clarissa Elkins, North Danville, N. H.

Mrs. Sophina D. Tuck, North Danville, N. H.

Mrs. Lucy A. Colley, Danville, N. H.

Miss Sarah Bagley, Danville, N. H.

Mrs. FRANK N. RAND.

Haverhill, Mass., May 22, 1918.

a Hillsdale man and a former Michigan Free Baptist pastor.

We proceeded through Seattle's splendid harbor out into the Sound northward. We passed a camouflaged warship of great interest, which crossed and re-crossed our path, keeping us guessing as to which was bow and stern and side.

The scenery was wooded bluffs, with occasional fishing hamlets. Sea-lions played in the rippling waves. Captain Howell was everywhere,—by the wheel, in the engine room, on deck; and always, in passing, dropped bits of information about the work of the cruiser.

Six P. M. found us at the dock at Port Ludlow, where I was put ashore to help at an evening meeting a mile inland, at Swansonville, while Captain Howell steamed on to hold a meeting in another place across the bay. After walking full half the distance uphill through the woods, I was met by an auto which took me the rest of the way. The meeting was the monthly C. E. gathering, held in a home. There were twenty present. Finding that they were about to take up the study of the "African Trail", and were needing encouragement, in order to do so, I threw my pre-arranged talk to the winds and told them the stories of Jean Kenyon MacKenzie and Mary Slessor of Calabar.

This is a lumbering section and all of the young men present were employed in the lumbering industry. One of them, called by the draft, was leaving in a few days. The house where we met was new and modern, finished in beautifully grained curly pine from the neighboring woods. I remained in this home over night and took the regular steamer back to Seattle the next morning. There is preaching at this place twice a month; most of the villages through this section have preaching only occasionally, as Captain Howells can make port.

This Gospel Cruiser is the property of the Baptist Publication Society, one of three operating on the Pacific Coast. The "Robert G. Seymour" was launched in May, 1914, at a cost of \$9,000.00. It is 51 by 11 feet, and is operated by a Corliss engine. It is equipped with electric lighting and a search-light. It has the cutest kitchen and dining rooms, while the main cabin is a marvel of compact usefulness. As chapel, it has a baby organ, and seats for a modest gathering. As office, it has desk and hidden typewriter. Its shelves are stocked with several hundred volumes of a loan-library. As sleeping quarters, the backs of the seats let down, disclosing fully made beds, thus furnishing berths for four. Captain

Howell has a minister helper, as it takes two to run the engine and pilot the boat.

The cruiser has a vast field for operations in which it plies alone, carrying the Gospel to hundreds who else would be uncared for religiously. Washington has more inland waterfront than any other state in the Union. The many arms and inlets of Puget Sound are studded with hundreds of islands, many of them holding villages. "The scenic wonder of this waterway rivals in wild beauty the St. Lawrence, and its Thousand Islands. From Mt. Baker on the north to Mt. Ranier on the south, and the Olympics on the west, one is seldom out of sight of one of these 'Great White Watchers'."

In this area 70,000 people are without church or Sunday School privileges and Captain Howell with his launch is the only means of reaching them with Protestant Christianity. These are people employed in logging camps, saw and shingle mills, and the fishing industry. Captain Howell told numbers of instances such as this—of a woman who had not heard a sermon in five years, and of a boy of fourteen who had never been to a Sunday School. He has now a number of regular preaching stands, more Sunday Schools, and a greater number of places asking him for Christian services than he can supply. Six missionary boats could be kept busy in this field where plies our one Gospel Cruiser—the "Robert G. Seymour."

LENA SWEET FENNER.

Skagway, Alaska, July 22.

STORER NOTES

(Mrs. Lightner gives interesting glimpses of vacation (?) days.)

Dear Mrs. Whitcomb:

You may think of the three months just past as vacation time; but to those in charge at Storer the hours have been full of time-consuming and nerve-racking labor, with few days for relaxation and pleasure.

Before the school bedding was back from the laundry there was a small army of ninety young men, Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, on the ground for a two weeks' summer school session. Many were from the camps, others from the mining towns and cities; workers all, seeking a place for instruction, inspiration and rest.

They found our chapel a delightfully cool, quiet place for the morn-

ing lessons, and the grounds and gymnasium equally satisfactory for the afternoon sports.

The summer boarders have been most interesting people, not mere pleasure-seekers, but earnest workers from prominent positions, pausing for a short time to renew their strength for arduous duties before them.

From July 30 to August 3, the Colored National Teachers' Association held its Annual Convention here. Every speaker was worth while; the session instructive and helpful.

The outlook for the coming year is problematic in many ways. Just what the war will do to us in the matter of boys, and the high prices in the case of girls, we cannot yet forecast. The high wages received by the parents may increase our number of pupils.

We are preparing for a full school. The faculty will have gains and losses. We are trying to persuade dear Mrs. Metcalf to spend the winter here, to cheer us and to help by her wise counsel, even if she can not take classes. Financially she has always been a help. Her activities here have always been "A labor of love."

It is hoped that Mrs. McDonald will take up a part of her work. Miss Coe will return as Dean of Women, a new office, but one much needed. It has been waiting for just the right person to fill it. How we have envied India this particular young person! She needs no introduction to readers of the HELPER, and her work here last year has won her a place in all our hearts. Her presence means much to us. We can "thank God and take courage."

The tried and faithful of our former teachers will be at their posts, and very welcome, with these exceptions: Mr. Newcomer may take up other work, in response to the exigencies of the war situation. Mr. Thornton has asked for leave of absence for one year that he may fill an important place in the ship yards at Norfolk. Mr. Daniel is in the draft. The absence of these will be regretted.

Death has claimed one, Miss Eva B. Thornton, the winsome bride of two years ago. Her faithful work was interrupted last Spring. She sought to regain her health in her southern home, but has entered her Heavenly mansion, leaving her friends only pleasant memories of her sojourn here.

In our sewing room a branch of the Red Cross has been doing beautiful work and helping in other ways to "win the war."

In August, seventy colored men went from our county to Camp

Custer. From an examination of fifteen hundred men, eleven were selected for officers' training and five Storer boys were included in the number now at Camp Humphries!

We expect to be judged by results.

Last week at Martinsburg was held the Teachers' Institute for Berkley County. In a glowing tribute from an official to the splendid work of the colored teachers, the fact was brought out that every one is from Storer.

L. B. L.

Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

HELPER REMINISCENCES

My dear HELPER:

May I add a few lines to Miss Mosher's August Notes on the early days of the HELPER? Just what the occasion was that called me to Dover, N. H., I do not remember, but I was there, and a meeting was called to consider whether or not it was wise and best for us to publish a magazine of our very own. Dear Mrs. Hills of sainted memory was there, and so were Mrs. Brewster, Mrs. Martha Smith and Miss DeMeritte, with her level head. The pros and cons were discussed. At last Miss DeMeritte said if we could secure fifty shareholders who would pledge two dollars a year for five years, until the magazine was on its feet, and if we could have the hope of six hundred subscribers, we would be safe in making the venture, but the treasurer must not be called on for funds for running expenses. Was not that enough to stagger our faith? "Faith and Works Win" and they won in that case. We voted to publish, but who had the faith to undertake such an enterprise with nothing in hand? Who would edit it? These were questions we had to meet. Mrs. Brewster stepped forward and accepted the position. We decided to take our Year Book and Register and write to our ministers all over our denomination asking them to help.

A Committee was appointed to take this in hand. Soon after, three or four of us met with Mrs. Brewster in her home in Providence, and divided up the work. Mrs. Given was one who took part in this. During the following weeks letters flew from Maine to California urging our people to do all they possibly could to launch our little magazine.

During the late fall or early winter, I was visiting among the churches in eastern Maine. I had met and learned to love our dear Mrs. Wade

in Dover, Maine. We talked much about the proposed magazine. About that time there was to be held either a Q. M. or Y. M. in Dexter. At this meeting we were to learn the result of our work. How anxiously we waited and prayed. Mrs. Wade was there and almost the first thing asked was "What about the magazine? Are we to have it?" Yes, yes. We had won, and thanked the Lord for it. Mrs. Wade and I embraced each other and praised the Lord. Then the question arose, what shall we name our child? Mr. Brewster came to our aid and christened it "THE MISSIONARY HELPER." Our little one has grown to full womanhood, and has brought cheer and comfort to us all these years. She has brought us together and helped us to send light and life to thousands of our brown sisters over the seas. Long live THE MISSIONARY HELPER!

JULIA P. BURKHOLDER.

P. O. Wadena, Minn.

TREASURER'S NOTES

"Christian Americanization,"—To many, the war's first emphasis was upon the word *Christian*, we saw that it was only man's lack of the Christ principles which could be responsible for the happening of such a world catastrophe. Then, as we as a nation drew nearer and ever nearer, the war's seeming vortex, we realized as never before how severally membered we were, and how necessary it was for us all to have *unity* of understanding and purpose.

By Christ's commission to us, his children, our attention had been called to our duty to "the stranger within our gates," while the good-will in our hearts, likewise, had prompted us to share our blessings, and help him to our ideals. Yes, and more, we had been learning that the preservation of our Country's Christian standards *necessitates* making him one with us in these, for like ideals must actuate for the best carrying out of a common purpose. To us of America, then, the war's second emphasis was upon *Americanization*, and in our new Union relationship, our opportunity for helping the people of other lands, who come for a longer or shorter stay with us, is large.

Americanization,—that word includes, also, our work at Storer, does it not?

Do you remember what Miss Marion E. Green,—first a pupil of Storer, and then of its teaching force—said of Storer in a HELPER article

sometime since? "To us who have drunk deep at her fountain of life, Storer has been, and will ever remain, *A Door For Opportunity*. Its teaching has always been service to others; loving, helpful, hopeful service," and we see in part the fulfilment of Storer's teaching, in the splendid response, by its sons to the Nation's call to service.

Not long ago, too, in a *Storer Record* we read the words of appreciation for service rendered by one of its sons, James M. Morris, an attorney-at-law,—service spoken of as "patriotic, loyal and efficient," and because this service is of this present time, and also shows us the finished product of Storer's tutelage, we quote:

"Now that the work of the Legal Advisory Board for Augusta County and Staunton, Virginia, is concluded, I desire to express to you, personally and as Chairman of the Board, my high appreciation of the service rendered by you in the discharge of your recent duties as one of its associate members. I cannot forbear from saying at the same time, that as the only lawyer of your race at this Bar, by your zealous and industrious performance of this important service which has been pronounced both by the Governor of the Commonwealth and by the Provost Marshal General of the United States to be the most important war work next to actual fighting in the trenches, you have added another degree to the respect, confidence and esteem in which you have been held by the Bench and Bar of this community, during your long professional career at our Bar, and have established an additional bond of amity and kindly feeling between the colored and the white people of our county and city. . . . I tender you the cordial thanks of the Legal Advisory Council and of their associates for your valuable and self-sacrificing work."

This is only one of many splendid examples of noble manhood and womanhood helped by Storer to valuable participation in the World's work. You have joined in helping make this service possible,—*"Continue ye in that joy."*

Our national ideals are finding new expression in the present day emphasis upon, *Brotherhood*.

Let us, in closing, quote in turn from our allies in service,—the Woman's American Baptist Foreign and Home Mission Societies: "The work of missions must be continued regardless of the war. From many sources we are seeing that Foreign Missions have been the kindergarten of international goodwill." "In this time of war the nation needs in double measure the spiritualizing influence of home missionary forces to

leaven its life with the power of Christ," and we all know that only in so far as our Nation's ideals are leavened with this power will they be fully constructive and permanent.

"'A new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.' Our hearts yearn for it, and we cherish the hope that one recompense for all the suffering of this terrible war will be a better world, a world of peace and righteousness. But there can be lasting peace only when all the peoples of the earth base their relations with one another upon Jesus' law of love. Unselfishness must replace selfishness in social and national, as well as in individual relations. To extend these fundamental principles of happy human living is the object of Christian missions."

Cordially in service,

EDYTHE R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

Our editor writes, "The home mission topic for November, for which we give material in our next HELPER, is Christian Americanization; Our National Ideals and Mission. You may care to refer to it in some way in your notes."

Yes, I do care to. This word Americanization is receiving much attention in these days. Every one is discussing its meaning and its possibility. Out of the crucible of this discussion will come its real significance to Americans, and to those who look to America for a chance more to their liking than what they have found in their own country. I am an American. I am interested in what we Americans make America stand for. And I am glad of every opportunity to place an idea in this crucible.

Looking to a person or a community for a chance to realize one's self, immediately entails on the person or community thus looked to, a big moral obligation. That is exactly America's situation. It has been her situation ever since those early sea-adventurers gave her freedom to the oppressed of Europe. And it behooves every American to consider conscientiously, and as intelligently as he may be able, how to make this country measure up to what is required of it.

This means that we must study how to exemplify the principles of Christian brotherhood in our meeting and dealing with these newer comers to our shores. We must build up here institutions calculated to afford

opportunity for full and free life. It is not to the advantage of the fair name of America for incoming strangers to find race and class prejudices more pronounced than those they have left. Nowhere in Europe is there anything that in brutality and inhumanity outdoes our lynchings. I did not like to write *our* lynchings, but I am an American.

We may not persecute the followers of some religious creeds unpopular among us with the sword, but we certainly do fail to show Christian charity to some whose religious observances do not happen to be like some others.

All children in the land where all are theoretically free and equal, do not have an equal chance. Many of them are having their lives stunted and the promise of their lives blighted in unsuitable occupations, leading only into blind alleys. America has saloons and vice haunts. I am told that through such institutions many an immigrant makes his acquaintance with American life. I know that this is true. How long are we going to let it stay true? Is it not our supreme mission as Christian Americans to get to work, and work hard, to fix up American institutions and develop American ideals so that they will express to all who look to them, high and good things? Moreover, let none of us forget in any consideration of the foreign-born, or any personal dealing with any immigrant, that we were all immigrants to begin with.

Mrs. Whitcomb says, too, in her letter, "And we must ring the changes on HELPER subscriptions." Well, we all know what that means. That is one way of spreading abroad the ideals of Christian America.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

"I would be friend of all—the poor, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

Helps for Monthly Meetings

Through our reading, study and social life as a missionary society, "May we become true witnesses of Thy will toward men, of the pure life of Thy Kingdom and the glad assurance of Thy presence. Build up our faith, increase our joy and multiply our service; that Thy life may shine through our lives for the help of others."

TOPICS FOR 1918-1919

September—	Acquaintance Party
October—	Oriental Housekeepers
November—	Christian Americanization
December—	Oriental Women in Industry
January—	Broadening Horizons
February—	I. Prayer and Praise. II. Christian Literature
March—	Story of the Trail Makers
April—	A Congress of Women
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Training Camps in the Orient
July—	Field Day.

NOVEMBER.—CHRISTIAN AMERICANIZATION.

"Open our eyes to view the need;
Lift up our eyes, Thy strength to see;
Thou bringst the people unto us,
Help us to bring them, Lord, to Thee."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

OPENING HYMN.—"Our Flag is Flashing Near and Far." (*Missionary Hymnal*, page 46.)

SCRIPTURE READING.—The law of the Stranger—II Chronicles, 6:32, 33.
Fellow citizens—Ephesians 2:11-22.

PRAYER.—For Christian ideals, for true patriotism, for personal consecration to our national missions.

READING.—The Call for Home Mission Week, by Alfred Williams Anthony, Executive Secretary for the Home Missions Council, and M. Katherine Bennett, President Council of Women for Home Missions. (See pamphlet.)

HYMN.—*Penfield*.

"For millions still in darkness
Within this land of light,
For men who've wandered blindly
From God and home and right—
And those who ne'er have seen Thee,
Thou God of love and might,
We earnestly beseech Thee,
May they receive their sight."

ROLL CALL.—Facts and figures about the need of Americanization. (See pamphlet,* "Christian Americanization" also Editor's notes.)

READING.—Greeting from the W. A. B. H. M. S. (in this HELPER.)

How is Storer College a Vital Factor in Christian Americanization?

—Paper on Talk prepared from articles in this and the November HELPERS.

Helpers of Christian Americanization from Ocean to Ocean.—Glimpses of the work of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, by many members.

"For lo, in hidden, deep accord
The servant may be like his Lord
And Thy love, our love shining through,
May tell the world that Thou art true
Till those that see us, see Thee, too."

(Refer to "From Ocean to Ocean"; price, 15 cents. See address of Literature Dept. W. A. B. H. M. S. on third page of HELPER cover.)

READING.—"Where cross the crowded ways of life." (*Hymnal*, page 10.)

PRAYERS.—For Storer College and all Baptist Home Mission work. For Our Country, that it will hold true to the principles and ideals upon which it was founded and that it will share its virtues and opportunities with all mankind.

SYMPOSIUM.—How many aliens are there in our own city or town? What is being done for their Americanization and Christianization? What more ought to be done? How can we help?

SALUTES TO THE COLORS OF CHRISTIAN AMERICA. (See pamphlet.*)

SINGING.—America.

*The pamphlet referred to contains a series of programs and excellent suggestions for Home Mission Week, November 17-24. Price 5 cents. Attention should be called to the Home Mission Study Book, "The Path of Labor." Price, 40 cents. Send for both of the foregoing to the W. A. B. H. M. S. (Address on third page of HELPER cover).

Sing on, O soul of mine!
Sing songs of faith and hope and joy and cheer,
Outsound the discord grating on thine ear,
And bring celestial music, sweet and clear,
To lonelier hearts than thine.

—Martha Arnold Boughton.

Our Quiet Hour

"God himself cannot do some things unless men think; He cannot do some things unless men work; and there are some things God never can do until He finds a man who prays."

A NOONTIDE PRAYER

"Even the hands of the clock unite and point upward at noon." The stroke of noon is a good time to look upward. A lifting of the heart to God for a moment may be a perfect ministry of intercession. The Lord's Prayer, our pattern prayer, is only a moment long!

The need of prayer is incomparably greater than the need of money. There is a God to meet this hour. His power can flow into human lives through the opened channels of prayer.

Never before has the missionary enterprise, at home and abroad, faced such opportunities and such perils.

"Nothing short of a marked manifestation of superhuman wisdom, superhuman love and superhuman power can meet the situation, but nothing is beyond the power of prayer, except that which is outside the will of God."

Will all who believe in God and love the Kingdom of His Son unite daily each noon in offering this prayer:

"O God, make the Cross of Christ real to us. Help us to lift Him up to the whole world. May the missionary offerings of this year be more than enough, more than ever before, abounding in love and sacrifice. May Christ be magnified in our gifts. Call volunteers into Missionary service to fill every waiting place. Roll upon Thy Church the burden of the whole missionary obligation. Forgive us our debts. Give us great grace for a great time."

IN JESUS' NAME LET US PRAY.

—HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY.

O brothers, are ye asking how
The hills of happiness to find?
Then know they lie beyond the vow
"God helping me, I will be kind."

—Nixon Waterman.

OUR FOLKS

We were pleased to receive the "Reminiscences," by Mrs. Julia Phillips Burkholder, whom we call the "Mother of the MISSIONARY HELPER." Her P. O. address is Wadena, Minn., care of J. A. Marshall. She writes, "I am now living with my younger daughter on a farm. This Minnesota air always gives me new life. I am well. The Lord has been good to me *always*, and my heart overflows with thankfulness to Him. While I was wandering I failed to receive the HELPER and felt lost without it. It seems to me that it grows better and better each year. Long may it live!".....The friendly greeting to fellow-workers at Annual Meeting from Mrs. E. B. Cheney—whose home is again in Providence, R. I.—was delayed in the mail, but will reach you later. She writes, "Hungriily reading the HELPER that has just come.".....Of course all of our folks—and some other folks—will want THE MISSIONARY HELPER in the coming year, and will promptly send their renewals to Miss Mosher, whose address is given on another page.....We greatly regret the unaccountable error in the name of Mrs. Frank N. Rand, Haverhill, Mass., in August "In Memoriam" (corrected in this number). One of her Auxiliary comrades writes, "We have met with a great loss. We recall the loveliness of character which endeared her to us. Truly hers was a life made beautiful by Christian graces." From the same auxiliary comes the following: "We do enjoy the HELPER so much and hope to have it always. We take 45 copies"—a very practical proof of appreciation!.....Fine news from the North Lebanon, Me., auxiliary. They, too, "went over the top" with the largest Thank Offering in their history. New HELPER subscribers are reported, and an enthusiastic "Mission Band" of girls, whose president takes our magazine. A lawn party in August brought them \$13.00 and they are planning to do some special missionary work. Success to you, and joy to you, Girls!.....The Acquaintance Club of Ocean Park, a summer club which is full of bright ideas and good works, gave one hundred dollars to the Red Cross this season.....By the way, there are a few things left from the sale of India articles sent by Dr. Mary Bachelor. Handkerchiefs with borders of drawn work, made by our native workers, 25 cents each; cards of mosses, gathered by Miss Butts in the Himalyas and mounted by Doctor Mary, 10 cents each. These can be obtained by sending to Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder, Ocean Park, Me.Newsy letters from Miss Coombs and Dr. Bachelor, just too late to appear in this number, which is already so crowded, and there are so many good things left over that

the editor feels like the old woman who lived in a shoe!.....Among our folks is one whom we are proud to call "our girl," Miss Gertrude Hartley, Maine HELPER Agent and Handwork specialist of Portland, who is writing very acceptable articles, stories and verses for Baptist publications, *The Sunday School Worker*, *Girls'*, *Youths'*, and *Junior World*. and *Our Little Ones*.From the Danville, N. H., auxiliary comes a pleasant note dated Sept. 16, from its Cradle Roll Secretary. "The yearly meeting of our Cradle Roll will be held next Friday. Our Society uses the study book but occasionally we have a delightful program which consists of selections from the HELPER. Best wishes for its success in the future.".....*Zion's Advocate* reports that "Miss Sadie B. Gowan, with her unique way of presentation, held the closest attention of all in her Mission Study Class," at the Summer School at Pittsfield, Maine. . . . The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Rix, missionary of the W. A. B. F. M. S., Nellore, India, to Mr. Herbert C. Long of Midnapore. Congratulations! This marriage will bring another new missionary to the Bengal-Orissa Field. Mr. Long was introduced to HELPER readers last month.

RECEIVED.—"The Path of Labor." A Symposium by well known authorities. Six chapters with the following titles: The Call to Service, In City Industries, In Mountains and Mills, Among Negro Laborers, In Lumber Camps and Mines, Justice and Brotherhood, with an extended Bibliography. This is the Interdenominational Home Mission Study book, with which we should all be familiar. Price, cloth, 57 cents; paper, 40 cents; both postpaid.

Textbook Supplement for The Path of Labor, by Alice M. Guernsey. Full of outline programs, suggestions for posters, entertainments, etc. Price, 5 cents.

Annual Report of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

"From Ocean to Ocean," a Supplement to the Annual Report, presents an attractive resume of the work of the year of the W. A. B. H. M. S. Illustrated. Price, 15 cents. Send for all of the foregoing to the Literature Dept., W. A. B. H. M. S. (See addresses, East and West, on third page of HELPER cover.)

One Hundred Fourth Annual Report of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

"American Chivalry," by Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman; illustrated; 148 pages; W. B. Clarke Co., Boston, publishers. This is a very readable book. The chapter on Wendell Phillips is particularly inspiring.

Juniors



THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN FAMILY

Once upon a time a little boy dreamed that he went to heaven. He had been thinking about heaven during the day, wondering about it, and wishing that he might go there to make a visit, without staying forever, and that very night he made his visit.

When he realized that he was really on the way to heaven, he wondered still more. He supposed that, of course, he would find only the people there who had died, and since he did not know any little boys who had died, he feared that he might be lonesome. Yet no one had ever suggested such a thing as being lonesome in heaven, so he did not really worry about it—he just wondered.

When he arrived, he looked for the great gates which he had heard about. There were several of them, but the most beautiful of all was labeled plainly, "For Children." He had wondered how one entered, but now it was all very plain. The gate stood wide open to receive all the little children who were constantly passing in, and no one questioned his entering with the rest.

The Little Boy looked about to find a familiar face, and though he had never seen one of the children there before, everyone looked so friendly that he did not feel at all strange. In fact, he thought to himself: "How nice it is to be among a lot of children of my own kind. At school there were so many poor ones, and dirty ones, and foreigners, and they were so different from me! I'm glad that all of us here are Americans!"

In his pleasure he smiled happily, and a brightfaced boy beside him said, "It is nice here, isn't it?"

"Yes," said our Little Boy. "So much nicer than at home! I mean the boys seem nicer. There are no poor ones here."

"No, we are not poor here," said the other. "But, oh my, you should have seen my home before I came here! The house was almost tumbling down, and we were happy if we had one real meal a day. Father was hurt in the mines, so that he couldn't work, and mother could not always make much money but, I tell you, she did as much as two ordinary mothers, and we all helped as much as we could. It is nice here!"

It made the Little Boy feel quite strange to find that he had been so

friendly with a really poor child, but even now that he knew, the poor boy did not look poor. He seemed just like the Little Boy himself.

He ran on a little farther till another child stopped him—a beautiful little girl this time. “Isn’t it nice here?” she smiled. He looked at her to make sure that she was not a poor child, then smiled back. “Yes, there are so many of our own kind here—no dirty ones or poor ones, you know.” The little girl looked sober for a minute, then replied: “Of course not here, but at home I was dirty. You see, mother had to work all day long, and just could not look after me as she wanted to, though she always told me to do the best I could myself. She used to do our washing in the night, after her day’s work was done. But it surely is nice here, isn’t it?”

Again the Little Boy was surprised. How was it that she seemed just like himself? Again he ran farther on, this time stopping in a group of children who beamed at him and said, “Isn’t it nice here?” This time there could be no mistake—they were surely of his kind, and the Little Boy smiled back, “Yes, there are so many of our kind here—no foreigners, you know!”

“But do we not all belong here?” asked one.

“What do you mean by foreigners?” asked another.

“Why, you know—foreigners—people from other countries,” the Little Boy explained.

“But all of us came from another country,” smiled another.

“Oh, yes, to come here, of course!” replied the Little Boy; “but I mean we are all Americans.” And the other children laughed aloud.

“But not one of us came from America!” they said. “We were just talking about it when you came. My home was in Japan.” And mine was in India!” “And mine was Africa!” “I lived in China!” Such a chorus of voices arose that the Little Boy could not distinguish all the countries that were mentioned. “But why don’t you look like Japanese and Chinese and Africans?” he asked.

Just then a beautiful angel came to the children, and hearing the Little Boy’s question, said gently: “Oh, you poor little American boy! Surely you have just come! Do you not know that here all children are of one loving Father? Do you not know that here you see only what is in the heart? And did you suppose that the great Father gave different kinds of hearts because some of His children were poor, and some lived in one country, and some in another?”

The Little Boy looked and wondered. Then he heard a wonderful choir far away singing:

I think of that day, in the beautiful time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Then the Little Boy understood at last. It was because all of these children loved their heavenly Father that they seemed just alike, and he could hardly wait to return to his own home in America, and find some other members of that family whom he had thought different, but whom now he knew to be his own little brothers and sisters.—FANNY L. KOLLOCK, in *World-Wide*.

INFORMATION

Prices are soaring, but THE MISSIONARY HELPER is still 50 cents a year, payable in advance. The aim for 1919 is, first, to represent Bengal-Orissa and Storer College; second, to introduce more fully to our workers the new and wider work which is now ours to serve and to enjoy. Meantime, the usual departments will be maintained and news of "Our Folks" will be given. Please send subscriptions and renewals promptly—and *plainly*—to our General Subscription Agent, Miss A. M. Mosher, 107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

The union of our work with that of the Baptist woman's societies, both foreign and home, is now completed and all money for *apportionment credit* must be sent to the proper district treasurers or joint secretaries. The address, corrected to date, of the treasurers for *Foreign Work* are given on the third page of HELPER cover. The addresses of treasurers for *Home Work* are given below by Miss Porter. Please keep this list, as we cannot reprint it each month:

Money for Home Missions, including Storer College, for apportionment credit, should be sent to the following Joint District Secretaries:

New England: Rev. W. A. Hill, Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

New York: Rev. F. H. Divine, 26 E. 26th street, New York City.

Ohio: Rev. Chas. E. Stanton, Granville, O.

Indiana: Rev. C. M. Dinsmore, 803 Occidental Building, Indianapolis.

Michigan: E. M. Lake, D. D., 308 Capital Bank Building, Lansing, Mich.

Wisconsin: Rev. D. W. Hulburt, 1717 Wells street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Superior: Frank Peterson, D. D., 407 Evanston Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Iowa: Rev. S. E. Wilcox, Des Moines, Iowa.

South Pacific: A. W. Rider, D. D., 313 W. 3rd street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Such contributions as are specified in an "Open Letter," page 270, September HELPER, *which cannot be applied on the church apportionment*, should still be sent to the National Treasurer, F. B. W. M. S., Miss E. R. Porter, 47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

TRY THIS GAME.

By KATE LAWRENCE

"Aunty," said Harry one evening, "do you know any more number games? You taught us one a long time ago, you know."

"Did I? I do not remember. What was it?"

"Why, to think of a number and double it. Then you gave us some number to add to it. We divided by two, and then took away the number we thought of, and the remainder was always half of the number you gave us to add. I've puzzled lots of boys with it."

"Oh, yes!" said Aunt Louise, "I do remember, and I know another. Think of a number."

"All right," said the children.

Harry thought of eight, Helen of three, and Louise of six.

"Multiply it by three."

"Nine," thought Helen.

"Add one to what you have now."

"Ten," thought Helen.

"Multiply that by three."

"Thirty," said Helen, but so softly that no one heard her.

"Now add the first number that you thought of."

Harry had eighty-three, Louise sixty-three, and Helen thirty-three.

"How many figures are there in the number you have now?" asked Aunt Louise.

"Two," said all the children together.

"The last one is three, and the first is the number you thought of."

"So it is," said all the children, Louise adding, "There is some magic about you, aunty."

"No," said Aunt Louise; "it is the magic of figures. I do not quite see myself why it works out that way, but it always does. If you had thought of one thousand, you would have had one thousand at the last."—*Picture Story Paper*.

"The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember that unless we bring it down to the ground and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands, and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it, we have been hurt by it."

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

Receipts for August, 1913

MAINE		
Saco, F B W M Society, T O for Orphan in S O, \$25.00; Belle D Thompson Memorial School, 25.00; Native Worker Bengal-Orissa 25.00; Con Fund 5.00 . . .	\$80 00	
Life members: Mrs Mary Durgin, Mrs Laura A Parcher, Mrs Bertha T Powell		
Weeks Mills, T O Mrs Drusilla B Chadwick for Bengal-Orissa	3 00	
NEW HAMPSHIRE		
Manchester, Mrs Clara M Warne for zenana teacher, Balasore	5 00	
Miss Mary E Twombly for S O . . .	5 00	
VERMONT		
Sutton F B Aux, by Mrs Helen L. Royal 1.00; Mrs Olive E Harris 5.00 ½ Bengal-Oriss, ½ Storer	6 00	
MASSACHUSETTS		
Peabody, Friend for Sustaining Fund of Helper	3 00	
RHODE ISLAND		
(Including Connecticut)		
North Sterling, Ct, Union F B Ch. Mrs		
Huldah M Slater, Mary A Slater, Ellen A & L Pauline Slater for S O 2.10; zenana work, Bal, 4.16		6 16
PENNSYLVANIA		
Butler Hill S S for Ushaboti in S O . . .		6 25
MINNESOTA		
Farmington, Mrs J D Batson for Bengal-Orissa		5 00
Nashville Aux, T O, ½ Bengal-Orissa, ½ Storer		41 35
L M's Mrs Ruth Boler & Mrs Annie Schofield		
MISCELLANEOUS		
Sale Calendars		75
Income for K W		1 28
		\$162 79
SPECIAL—Danville, N. H., Aux. for gingham for girls in Sinclair Orphanage		8.00
		\$170.79
EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer		
47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.		

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

